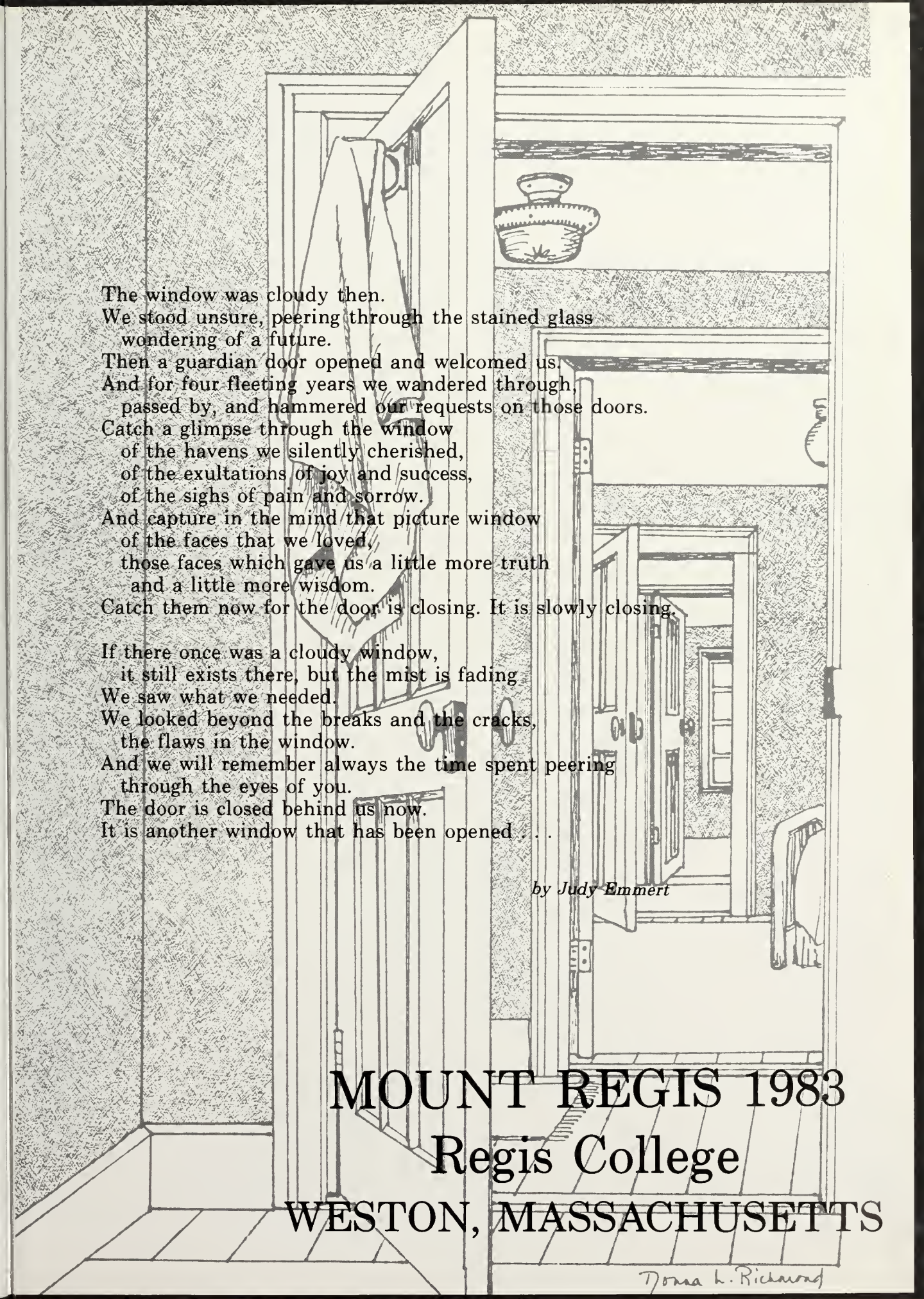


The window was cloudy then.
We stood unsure, peering through the stained glass
wondering of a future.
Then a guardian door opened and welcomed us.
And for four fleeting years we wandered through,
passed by, and hammered our requests on those doors.
Catch a glimpse through the window
of the havens we silently cherished,
of the exultations of joy and success,
of the sighs of pain and sorrow.
And capture in the mind that picture window
of the faces that we loved,
those faces which gave us a little more truth
and a little more wisdom.
Catch them now for the door is closing. It is slowly closing.

If there once was a cloudy window,
it still exists there, but the mist is fading.
We saw what we needed.
We looked beyond the breaks and the cracks,
the flaws in the window.
And we will remember always the time spent peering
through the eyes of you.
The door is closed behind us now.
It is another window that has been opened . . .

by Judy Emmert

MOUNT REGIS 1983

Regis College

WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Donna L. Richmond

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

CHRISTINE MARIE BURNS

HOMILY

It's the heart afraid of breaking . . . that never learns to dance.
It's the dream afraid of waking . . . that never takes the chance.
It's the one who won't be taken . . . who cannot seem to give.
And the soul afraid of dying . . . that never learns to live.

These lyrics are taken from one of Chris' favorite songs, *the Rose.* The lyrics capture and reflect many of the beautiful qualities of Christine's life that we remember and appreciate this day. The lyrics would have challenged Chris, as she challenged herself, to make the most of every day of her life.

It's the heart afraid of breaking . . . that never learns to dance. Chris was a person who did learn to 'dance' in the important sense that she was able to take the extraordinary gifts and talents that God gave her and develop them to the fullest. She put her talents and abilities to use in a way that brought a sense of fulfillment to herself and joy to others. All of us took special joy in sharing with Chris those special moments when she utilized her talents on stage. Her singing and dancing was a precious reflection of the life within her that she desired to share with others.

It's the dream afraid of waking . . . that never takes the chance. Chris was a person with dreams. She looked to the days ahead of her with enthusiasm and hope. She had dreams of what she wanted her life to be, but she was also willing to work hard to bring those dreams to reality. Her dreams never became an "escape" from the real world, but instead an invitation to enter more deeply into the real world.

It's the one who won't be taken . . . Who cannot seem to give. Chris was above all else, a *giving person.* Her openness and generousity were natural, completely spontaneous attributes within her life, Chris' willingness to give to others was never deterred by any fears that others might take advantage of her generousity. She knew that the joy that was rooted in *giving*-for-the-sake-of-giving, and did not look to what she would receive in return. Within her family, her group of friends, her Church and her School, Chris' presence was always reflected in her willingness and eagerness to give of herself.

All of us, each in our special ways, were the recipients of the love that she gave so readily. Her sensite, caring nature made her a very special part of our lives. We thank God on this day for the gifts that came to each of us through Chris' willingness to be a 'truly giving person.'

It's the soul afraid of dying . . . that Never learns to live.

Chris would not have been afraid of dying. She would have shared all of the uneasiness that each of us would experience when we consider in our imagination the moment of our own death. Chris would have shared the anxiety that each of us would feel at the prospect of entering into the 'unknown reality' of death, but from knowing Chris, I believe with confidence that she would not have *feared death* because she was a person of *firm faith.* She believed strongly in the love of God and His promises to her. She would have faced death with the firm conviction that this moment of death was not only the ending of this life, but more importantly the beginning of a new and better life with God.

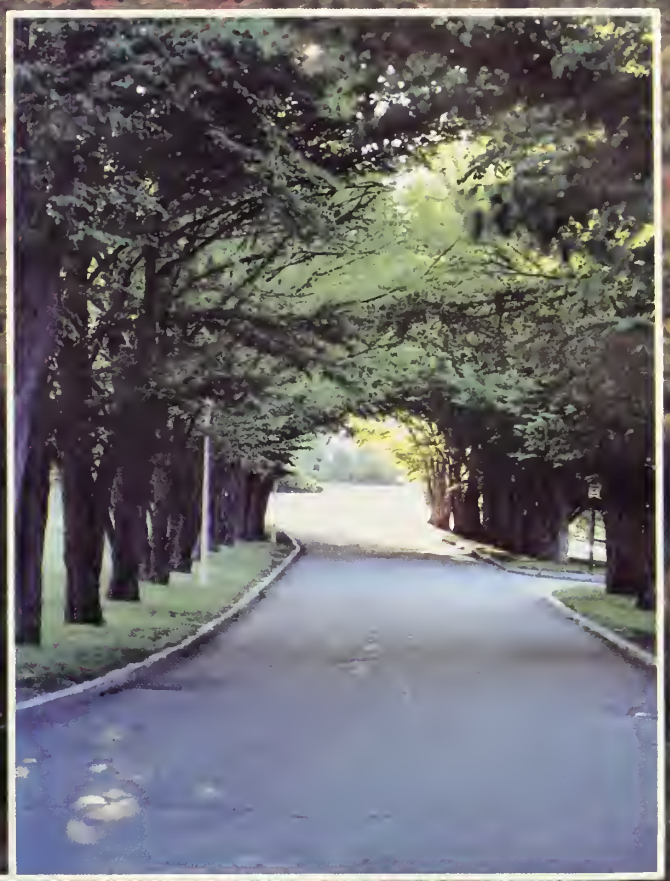
Our hearts are heavy with sorrow and pain this morning. We experience the deep hurt of separation from someone we have loved and whose place will never be filled by another. Our faith offers us consolation and hope, but it cannot take away the hurt. We hurt deeply because we have loved deeply. It seems that the darkness of this moment is impenetrable and the struggle ahead too much to bear.

Once again, the lyrics of *THE ROSE* seem to speak to our experience.

When the night has been too lonely,
And the road has been too long,
And you think that love is only
For the lucky and the strong,
Just remember in the winter
Far beneath the bitter snows
Lies the seed that with the sun's love
In the Spring becomes the Rose.

Funeral Homily by
Rev. William T. Schmidt

DOMITILLA HALL
REGIS COLLEGE

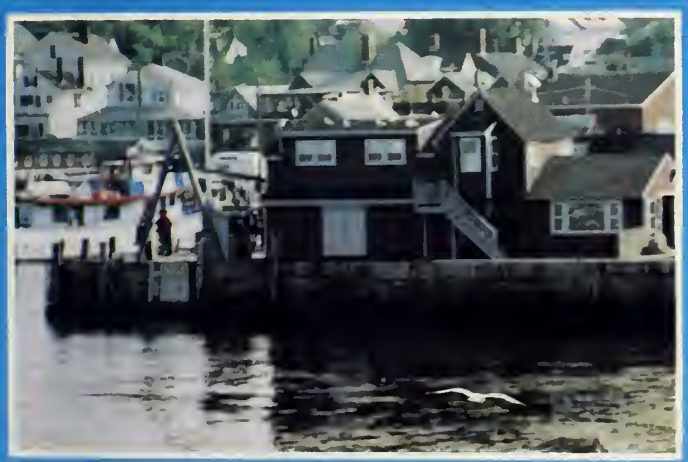


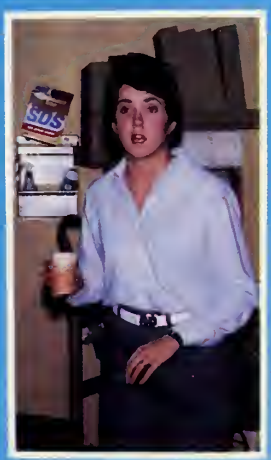
REGIS
COLLEGE

TIME'S OPEN DOOR

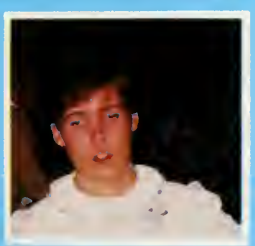
And an American time capsule was sent
into space with the Columbia shuttle . . .
. . . and a new door was opened . . .
. . . while meanwhile back home . . .
windows were being shattered
Martial law was issued in Poland, an
Argentine attack on the British Crown
erupted in the Falklands, and the modern
day shot that was heard around the world
echoed in the cries of a fallen Beirut . . .
. . . and universal tears were shed in
imagining all the people who died and
suffered at the hands of a lonely and
desperate humanity: as Sadat watched
Johnny come marching home, the shouts
and screams of an execution squad's
hostility silenced his quest for harmony;
and thousands of miles away, the man of
peace and love who wore the shoes of the
fisherman was senselessly shot at in
Vatican City; and with a friendly wave
in the midst of a maddening crowd, the
new hope of America was weakened on a
cold March morning-as Nancy wept for
Reagen, Hinckley obsessively cried for
Jodie; and in a southern metropolis,
the black child was enslaved to a cold
death in the country's horror of racial
injustice; and as hemlock was administered
to the American public, simple headaches
were turned into violent deaths; and
John was just watching the wheels go
round and round until Chapman ended
his merry-go-round of life, and ended
our loving union with the dreamer . . .
. . . but within the darkness came the light . . .
. . . windows were opened onto a promising
horizon . . .
with the changing of the guard in the Oval
Office, the 52 ransomed heroes and
heroines were finally brought home;
and in the country of pomp and circum-
stances, as the entire world watched, the
royal fairy tale came true when Charles
and Lady Di simply said "I do"; and
back in the kingdom of Port Charles,

the long-awaited marriage of television
royalty was witnessed by million of
addicts in the union of Lucas Lorenzo
and Laura; and the thrill of victory
was captured on ice when "Old Glory"
was draped over the blades of our American
players celebrating an Olympic gold
and a wounded sickle and hammer; and the
red, white and green was held high in
Rome and North End as the soccer
world crowned its Latin conquerors; but
the agony of defeat moaned in the hours
of unresolved negotiations for the pig-
skin and the rawhide as the empty echoes
of fans reverberated in silent stadiums . . .
. . . and through another door came a new
beat- five new wave women, soul sisters
of the Supremes, exploded onto the scene
voicing the immortal words "our lips
are sealed"; and thousands who gathered
at the halfshell cheered "bravo" to
Pavarotti's operatic score and his Holly-
wood debut; while back in Tinseltown,
Eliot followed a trail of Reese's
pieces left by a strange little alien
who just kept trying to phone home . . .
. . . and in Washington another call was
placed when Alexander phoned in his
resignation; and the most trusted man
in America uttered his final "and that's
the way it is" as he opened a window to
a new universe . . .
. . . and windows had been opened . . .
. . . and doors had been closed . . . with
the deaths of Natalie Wood, Ingrid
Bergman, William Holden, Artheur Fiedler,
Jean-Paul Sartre, Princess Grace, John
Belushi and Harry Chapin . . . but their
memory will linger on, just as Henry will
forever be seen On Golden Pond . . .
. . . time capsules . . .
. . . turn the pages, close the chapters . . .
. . . doors open and doors close . . .
but through time can we remember that . . .
when the Lord closes a door, somewhere
he opens a window . . .





VERN



CANDIDS

PARENTS WEEKEND

DINNER

DANCE

Junior Ring Ceremony

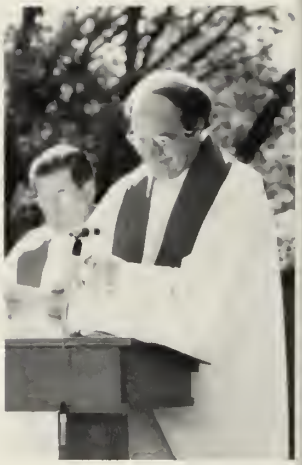
October 3, 1981

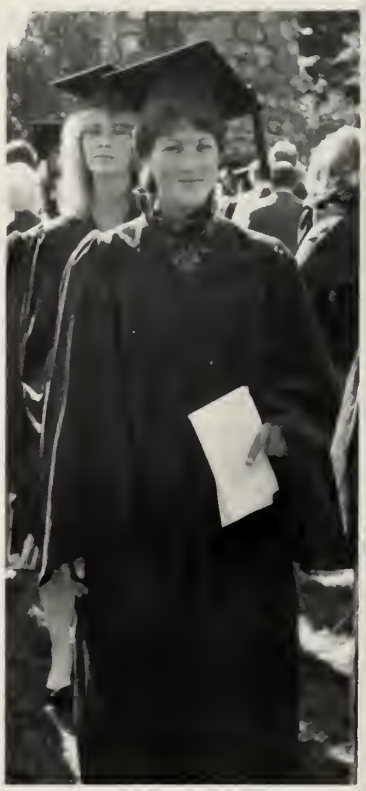
"Today Is Our Day"

Louise P. MacLellan

Today is our day, a day for friends
For looking back over all the binds.
The time that we've spent, the things
That we've done.
To realize who we are and having fun.
The day has finally arrived and we have steadily survived.
We've learned the downfalls through the years
And struggled with many fears.
Many times we've thought about this day,
Wishing somehow it could stay.
We'll reminisce about the past,
But somehow we realize it cannot last.
We've done a lot of things and seen a lot of faces.
Walked down many streets at very quick paces.
People come and go from day to day,
But really can they stay?
We finally have learned to love those we hate.
We conquer things but still often hesitate.
I hope we'll never just be pebbles in a sidewalk,
But those who are willing to teach the lame to walk.
We've arrived, we've survived,
All the years and the tears.
And the last and the past,
And the present and the future.
Many times we've thought about this day,
Wishing somehow it could stay.

DONNING CAP AND GOWN





You have asked that I explore your theme - doors and windows! More important to me is what your theme says about you!

It tells me that you have begun the ever expanding, life-long search for harmonious complexity that learns the rhythms of when to open and when to close doors and windows.

The cultivation of integration and fullness is not easy. Windows open to gentle winds are open as well to surprising sweeps that can strip a favorite room and force us to move on. Doors that open to love cannot shut out pain. The picture window that will frame a gold horizon will sometimes shift its scene to focus on a spot, intense and real, that needs our sweat and tears to make it whole again. And doors that were in the past, always open or tightly locked, begin to reflect what is going on at the center - or core - of our being. They signify when is the moment of expansive hospitality, when is the moment for silent space.

All of this - and more - is what your theme says to me. May there be open times and spaces in your life when you can share your quest with each other, knowing all the while that the secret is to keep the balance!

Sister Therésè Higgins
President

To the Regis Community:

We would like to thank our professors and the administrative directors for guiding us through these past four years. Each and every member of this community is a very special person who will always be remembered by his or her students. Our growth in knowledge has prepared us for what lies ahead.

Regis, thank you for giving us something that can never be taken away; friendships, memories, tears, laughter, and an education which will never be lost.

We will miss you, but we will remember every day, every hour and every minute.

Mariealana and Gretchen

You Helped Build Our Strength And Character Which No Wave Can Crumble. Our Physical Power And Our Personal Convictions Surfaced As You Cheered Us On In Our Quest For The Winner's Cup.

S. Zita Fleming
Dean of Students

Dr. Edward Mulholland
Academic Dean

Eva Adams
Financial Aid

S. Gretchen Bogan
Drama

S. Marie Cicchese
English

Mary Arnold
Chemistry

S. Betty Cawley
Classics

Elaine Crisafulli
Virginia Ravera
Career Services

Barbara Belamarich
Office of the President

Dr. Leo Chang
Political Science

Lynn Coleman
Dean of Students Office

You helped us to fill the empty pages of our history when you wrote your wisdom in our chapters.

As you handed us the pen we were able to write the sagas which our young rhetoric had tried to express.

S. Eleanor Deady
Religion

S. Ellenice Donovan
Investments

S. Maryann Doyle
Physics

Josephine DeSimone
Italian/Spanish

S. Marysia Donovan
Biology

S. Joan Duffy
Math

Loretta B. Dunlay
Office of the Academic Dean

Dr. Warren Gribbons
Psychology

S. Rosenda Gill
French

Mr. Fahey
Post Office

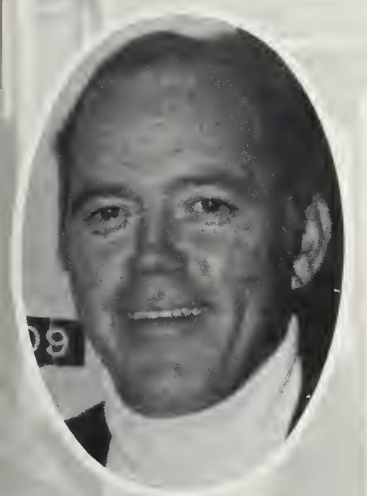
Dr. Mary Foley
Psychology

S. Ann Marie Grady
Religion

S. Helen Fenton
Economics

William A. Gallup
Librarian

S. Mary Rita Grady
Philosophy



As you led us in prayer you instilled in us the faith which would allow us to see the light of truth.

If we ever find ourselves in doubt we will look for that light to guide us home.

Mary Hamilton
German

S. Lee Hogan
Political Science

Fr. Robert Knapp
Campus Ministry

Raymond Harrington
Aquatics Director

Edwina Hughes
Athletics

S. Perpetuus Lang
Spanish

Dr. Vera Laska
History

S. Juan Mahan
French

S. Viterbo McCarthy
Psychology'

Dr. Alexander Liazos
Sociology

Camille Malamud
Spanish

S. Kathleen McCluskey
English

Dr. Louise Levesque- Lopman
Sociology

S. Margaret William McCarthy
Music

S. Patricia McDonough
Registrar Office

You painted our lives with beautiful scenes as your advice blended with the strength we needed.

You sketched in our memories the life long impression of Michaelangelo's "Creation" when your outstretched hands reached towards ours and touched us with the gift of immortality.

S. Margaret McGarry
Chemistry

S. Catherine Mary Meade
History

S. Cecilia A. Mulrennan
Biology

S. Dorothy McKenzie
Physics

S. Marion Montague
Biology

S. Joan Murray
Communications

Olive Nolan
Athletics

Eileen O'Malley
Public Information

Jeanne Russell
Switchboard

Eleni Mahaira Odoni
Political Science

S. Mary Rock
English

Paula Schneider
Social Work

S. Jeanne d'Arc O'Hare
Political Science

Dr. Jane Roman
Chemistry

S. Therezon Sheerin
Psychology

You touched the keys of our lives creating harmony where there was discord, stringing together melodies to drown the blues, tuning our hearts to the finer things in life, and encouraging us to follow our own beat even though our companions were listening to the sounds of a different drummer.

Dr. Edward Stevens
Religion

Dr. Ana Velilla
Spanish

Dr. Althea Wolfkopf
German

S. Helen Sullivan
Assistant Dean of Students

Sheila Vogt
Music

S. Louisella Walters
Art

Friendships

Friendship . . . The Word Is Described In So Many Ways.

It's A Word That Gives One A Sense Of Belonging.

It's A Word That Brings Happiness To Those Who Are Lonely. It's A Word That Means Love.

I Have My Friendships. Some Are True And Some Are Just Surface Ones. But I've Always Treasured Those Friendships. Why? Perhaps Because I Believe In My Heart That To Love Another Is The Greatest Gift. Perhaps Because I Believe In My Mind That It Is Other People Who Help One Through Life; Isolation Cannot Exist, Friendships Must.

It Seems To Me That Although One Can Be Hurt By Friends, There Is Always A Lesson To Be Learned, A Universal Truth To Be Discovered. I Have Been Hurt Many Times, But I Try Not To Dwell On Those Trying Days. Why? Because I Like To Remember What I've Said To So Many Others: "One Must Remember The Good Times And Forget The Bad Ones." There Has Always Been Much More Happiness With My Friends Than Sadness.

It Seems Funny How Many Friends Come And Go During The Course Of One's Life. Long-Term And Short-Term Friendships Are Inevitable. But Isn't It The Satisfaction One Attains With Those Special People, Even If It Is Just For A Short While, That Means Most? Isn't It Nice To Know That When The Hardships Arrive One Has Those Special Friends To Help One Through?

Friendship . . . It's A Basic Fact Of Life. Friends Are Needed. Friends Are Loved. Friends Are Treasured. Friends Are You.

SENIORS

CLASS OF 1983

Georgeann Abbanat
Math

Rose Abbott
Sociology

Tammy Arcuri
History/Economics

Maribel Aguayo
Spanish

Barbara Alarie
Math

Eileen Allison
Math

Cynthia Antonellis
French

Sarah Atwood
Political Science

Jamie Azzara
Sociology

Gina Baldini
Biology

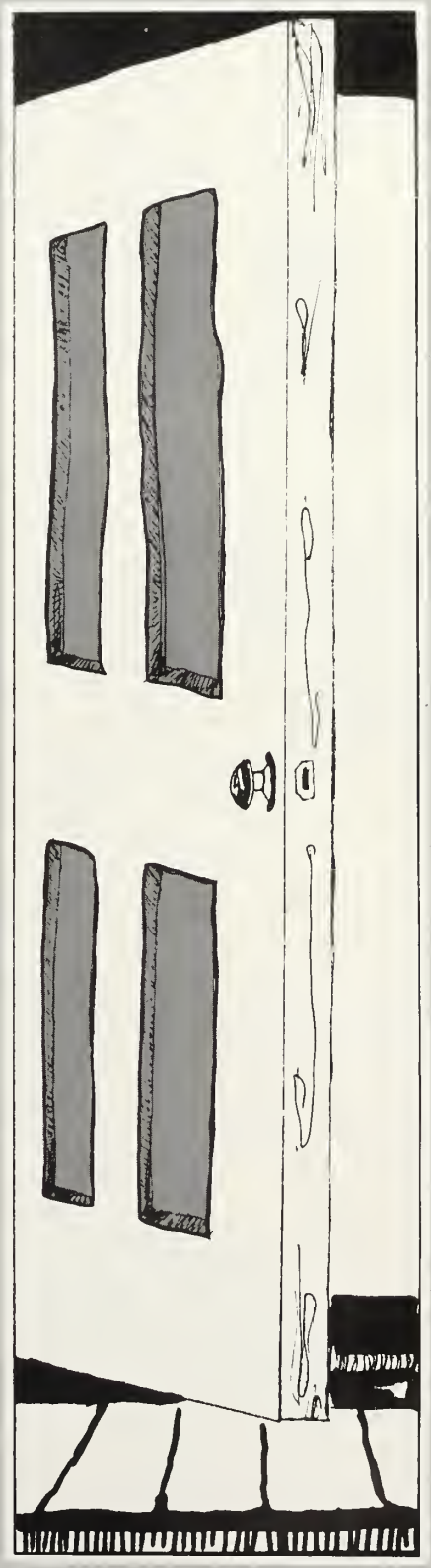
Mariesa Barros
English

Bernadette Hughes Baldwin
Spanish

Donna Beebe
Music

Carolyn Bell
Political Science

Alicia Bertrand
Chemistry



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Political Science

Catherine Brady
Music

Carol Brescia
Spanish

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Sociology

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Sharon Brown
Art

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Chemistry

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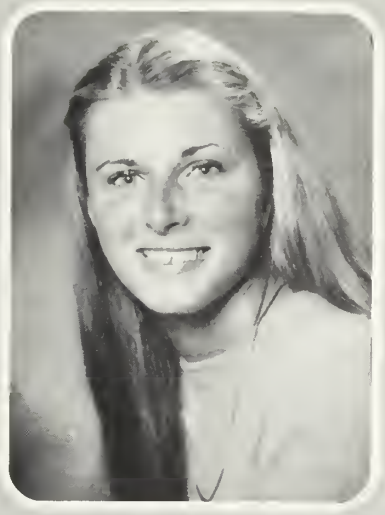

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Psychology

Maryanne Conway
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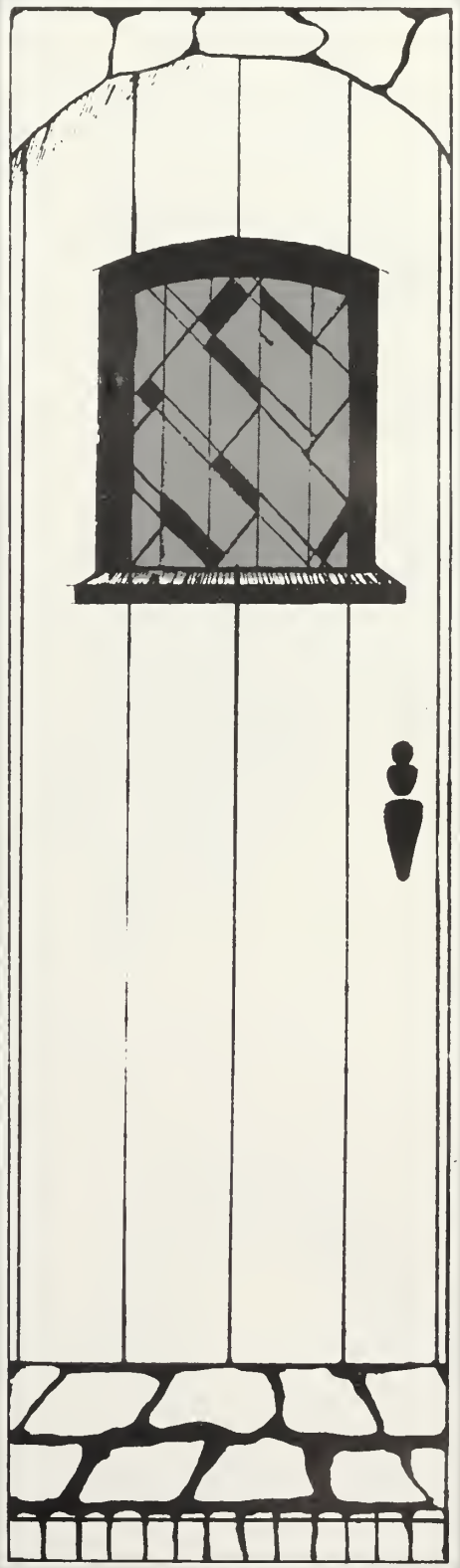
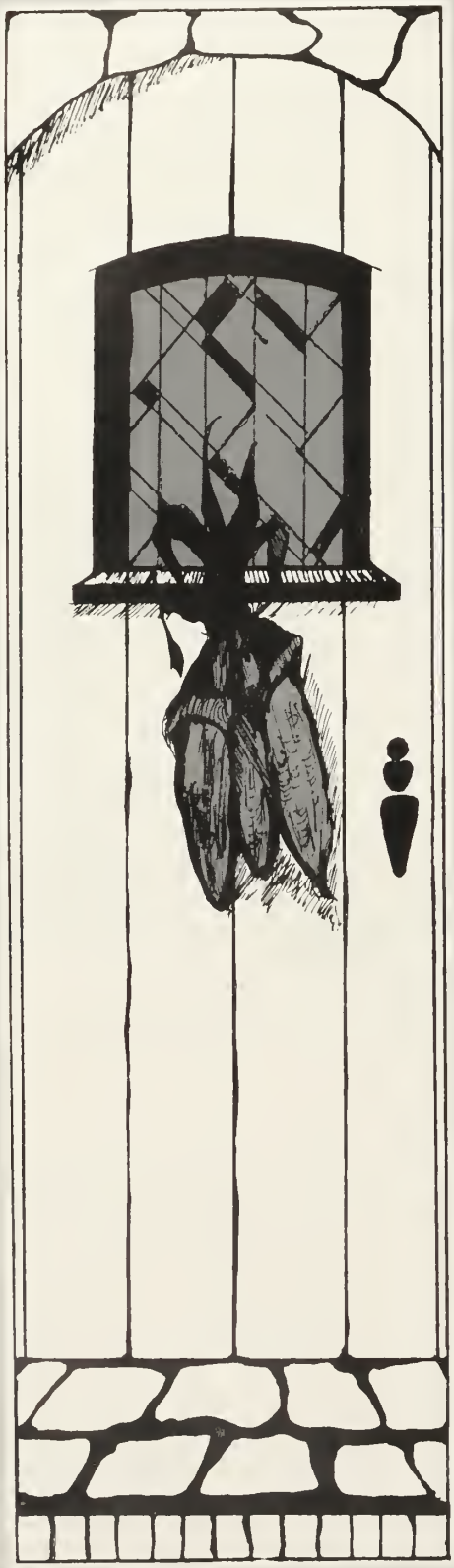
Biology

Shelia Coughlin
Sociology

Laurel Crommett
Social Work





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Sociology

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Biology

Elizabeth Dashner
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Carmen Davila
History

Donna DeAngelis
Economics

Suzanne DeTour
Psychology

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Doreen Dillon
Political Science

Mariane DiPierro
Art

Laura diTargiani
English

Lisa Doherty
English

Moira Donnelly
Economics

Rosemary Dorr
Individual Major

Jeanne Driscoll
Art

Diane Durgin
Sociology

Kerry - Lyn Eadie
Political Science

Kim Ellison
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Judith Emmert
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Biology

Mary Jane Fietze
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Barbara Fitzsimons
Sociology

Mary Fitzpatrick
Math

Gretchen Flynn
History

Catherine Foley
Political Science

Catherine M. Foley
English

Christine Ford
Art

Lori Fortini
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Marianne Gately
Sociology

Brenda Gauld
Chemistry

Patricia Gilbert
Sociology

Robert Golas
Sociology

Paula Golombek
Political Science

Colleen Gorman
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Kathleen Granahan
Economics

Judith Grover
Individual Major

Anne Gruszka
Spanish

Sheila Gula
Spanish

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Anne Haggerty
Economics

Patricia Hanson
English

Sandra Hassett
Social Work

Sarah Hays
French

Gretchen Hennessey
Social Work

Marcia Hubbard
Sociology

Linda Hurley
Sociology

Lisa Hynes
Political Science

Elizabeth Johnson
Political Science

Pamela Keith
Art

Carolyn Kepper
Psychology

Maureen King
Math

Jeanne Kloczkowski
Art

Laurie LaChapelle
English

Denyse Lanpher
Economics

Donna Lee
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Nicole LeMarbre
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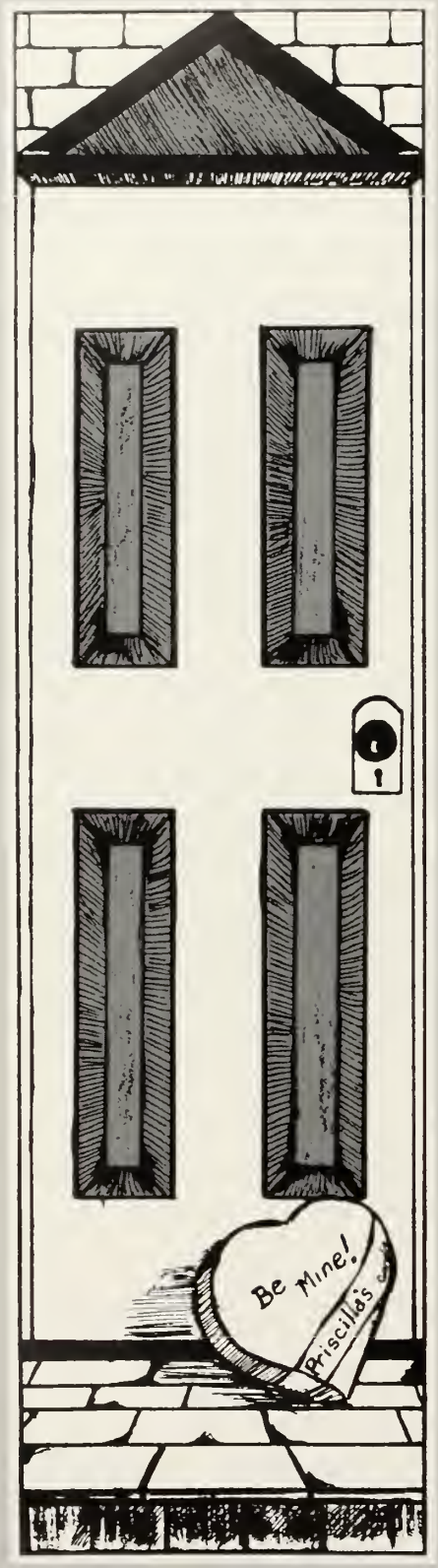
Cheryl Lineman
English

Cathryn Lombardo
English

Mary Long
Political Science

Eileen Lynch
English



Louise MacLellan
Psychology

Denice Magnan
Political Science

Moira Malany
Economics

Dianne Manley
Economics

Susan Marrone
Sociology

Lisa May
Sociology

Roxanne Mayol
Art

Maria Mazzeo
Psychology

Ellen McCarthy
Sociology

Sheila McDermott
Sociology

Gail McDonough
Sociology

Mary Ellen McKenna
Chemistry

Nancy McKenna
Social Work

Anne McLaughlin
Sociology

Linda McLaughlin
Sociology

Christine Micelotti
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Psychology

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Economics

Lucie Morin
French

Linda Moroni
Chemistry

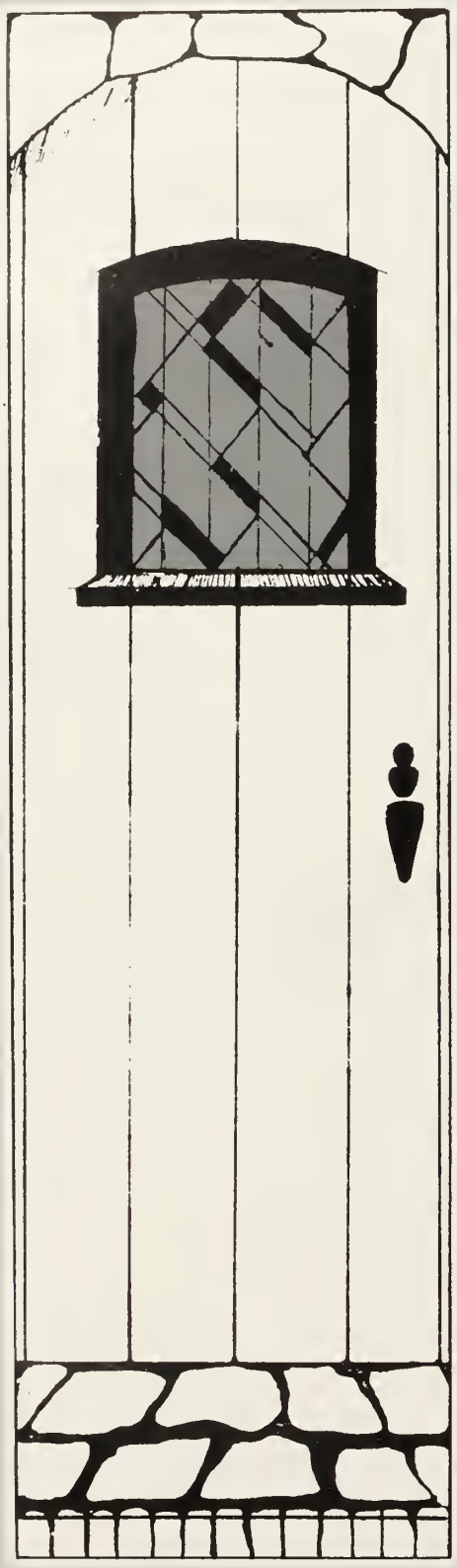
Ann Mulry
Sociology

Shelia Murphy
Psychology

Sherrill Murphy
English

Lora Nannery
Psychology

Eleanor Natal
Sociology



Barbara Newhall
Social Work

Minh Hia Ngan
Biology

Eileen Nieves
Sociology

Lisa Noe
Psychology

Maureen O'Connor
Biology

Maureen O'Neil
Economics

Erin O'Rourke
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Art

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Art

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Math

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Biology

Marie Publicover
English

Donna Reardon
Spanish

Susan Reenstierna
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Political Science

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Biology

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Susan Ryan
English

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Psychology

Nancy Santos
English

Angela Savioli
Sociology

Ann Shaughnessy
Art

Kathleen Shea
Social Work

Geraldine Sheehan
Psychology

Lourdes Smith
German

Sandra Smith
Art

Rosemarie Soler
Biology

Valerie Spanos
History

Mary Spinosa
Individual Major

Laura Stack
Sociology

Janet Staffier
Psychology

Cynthia Stone
Economics

Carmel Sullivan
English

Michele Taf
Math

Maria Taliento
Art

Lisa Tang
Math

Jane Troy
Psychology

Maureen Trudel
Social Work

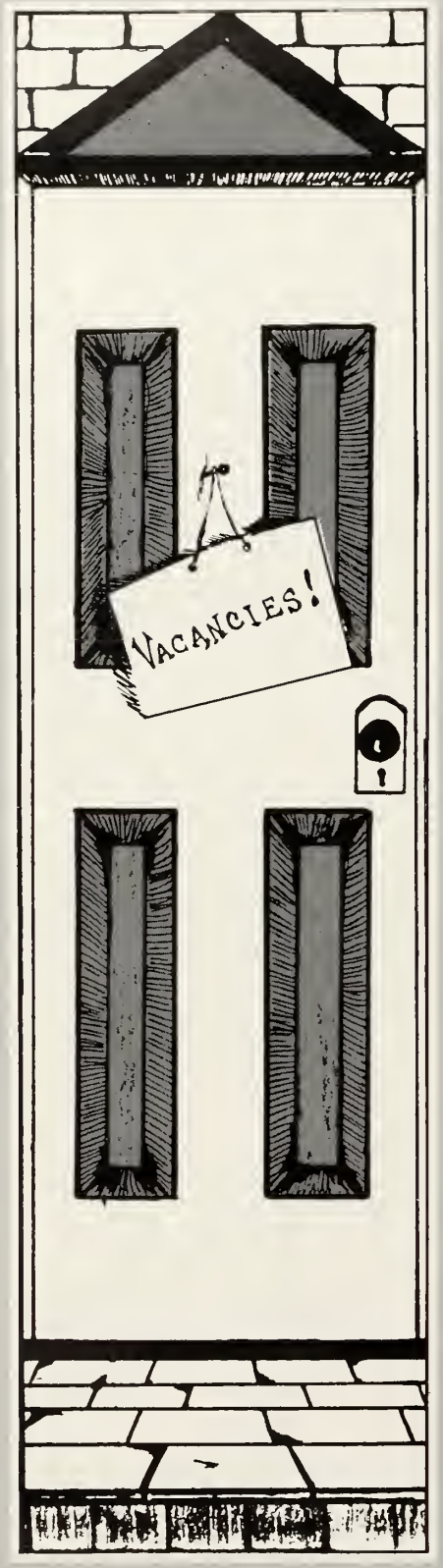
Anastasia Vanites
Psychology

Asha Vaswani
Economics

Patricia Ventura
Art

Susan Warner
Political Science

Susanne Waters
Spanish



Catherine Wilson
Political Science

Jannette Zambrana
Sociology

Camera Shy

Patricia Carmen
Political Science

Brenda Crossman
Spanish

Sarah Deegan
Biology

Jayne Diamont
English

Carol DiVaio
Biology

Hope-Ann Fothergill
Sociology

Nanci Gould
Medical Technology

Bonnie Gussman
Political Science

Kyle Hamilton
Psychology

Barbara Kennedy
English

Dawn Mason
Economics

Carole Morrill
Sociology

Pamela Murray
English

Mary O'Malley
Economics

Kathleen Scully
Art

Paula Shute
Political Science

Ann Marie Sullivan
French

LATE ARRIVALS

Gina Baldini

Brenda Crossman

Carol Divaio

Barbara Kennedy

Ann Marie Sullivan

THE CLASS OF 1983

To All:

Thank You Is Hardly Enough To Express What Your Time, Effort, Energy And Continued Support Has Meant. Without You And Your Friendship, The Yearbook Would Not Be Published Now.

Special Thanks To Colleen Gorman And Maria Taliento For Seeing Us Through Those Demanding First Deadlines. If It Weren't For You Two, We Would Still Be On Page One! Colleen, Your Artwork Made The Book; And Judy May Your Gift In Writing Continue Past The Beautiful Verses Printed On These Pages.

All We Ask Is That Each Senior Take The Time To Truly Realize And Appreciate What This Book Represents.

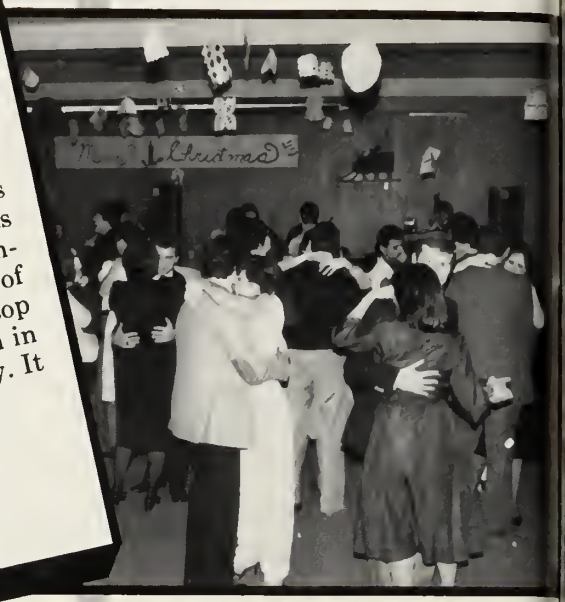
Always,
Mariealana And Gretchen

Christmas Banquet 1982

'I played my best for Him'

Christmas Banquet

Into the holiday season we danced with our annual Christmas Semi-formal, On December 4, 1982. Five days later the campus came together in the spirit of yuletide joy when the Christmas Banquet was held to celebrate the end of classes and the beginning of the birth of our Saviour. Every class joined in the gift of song as each presented their version of Regis merriment. To top off the occasion, the Seniors marched off to the Foyer to join in song and to initiate the traditional candle-lighting ceremony. It was a happy holiday.



Christmas Dance

More Than Just A Dinner . . .

That's What It Was On The Night That The
Women Of Regis Gathered With Their Mothers At
The Sheraton-Tara For An Evening Of Gala Cele-
bration. Introductions Between Mothers And Daughters
Were Made, And A Special Performance By Ann
Warren And Company Entertained The Gathering.
More Than Just A Banquet . . . It Was The Chance To Take Mom Out For The Night And
Give Her One Special Evening For The Many
Which She Had Given Us.

Regis College Class of 1983

presents the

10th Annual
Mother-Daughter Banquet

Friday, November 5, 1982

Sheraton – Tara Hotel

Braintree, Massachusetts

Cocktails at 7:00 p.m. *Dinner at 8:00 p.m.*

and

Entertainment – The Ann Warren Show

Donation $15.50 per person (present ticket at door)

WELCOME

To The Tropics

Tropical Party

SENIORS: 200 DAYS PARTY

AND COUNTING DOWN . . .

AN EVENING WITH SAKS

ONE ACT PLAY COMPETITION

ONE ACT PLAY CONT.

ORGANIZATIONS

Senior Class Officers

Julie Phinney

Donna DeAngelis

Maryann Cawley

Michelle Taf

Junior Officers

Sophmore Officers

Tower Tavern

One Of The Largest And Most Active Groups On Campus Is The Tower Tavern Committee. This Group Is Responsible For The Running Of The Popular Meeting Place At Regis Known As Tower Tavern Or T.T. . Each Thursday Evening T.T. Opens Its Doors To College Students, While Friday Afternoons Are Reserved For Happy Hour.

Model U.N. Club

The Model United Nations Club Is A New Club On Campus Which Travels To Washington, D.C. For A Three-Day Debate With Other College Students. Members Are Able To Tour The Nation's Capitol As Well As Interact With Government Officials.

American Chemical Club

For Those Students Interested In The Field Of Chemistry, There Is A Campus Affiliate Of The American Chemical Society At Regis. This Organization's Activities Explore The Realm Of Chemistry Through Speakers, Lectures, Films, And Laboratory Tours.

College Democrats

The College Democrats Is One Of The Politically-Directed Clubs On Campus. This Group Sponsors Many Speakers Throughout The Year And Offers Students Opportunities To Become Active In Political Campaigns.

Regis Herald

The Regis Herald Is The Campus Newspaper. Its Contents Are Aimed At Informing The Community Of Issues And Activities That Are Taking Place Both On And Off Campus. It Also Provides A Forum For Students To Express Their Views To Peers And Faculty.

Political Science Club

The Purpose Of The Political Science Club Is To Provide An Opportunity For Students To Expand Their Knowledge And Understanding Of Politics And Government. Its Activities Are Also Geared To Helping Students Realize How A Major Political Science May Be Applied To A Myriad Of Careers.

Campus Outreach

The Campus Outreach Is An Organization Formed On The Premise Of Bringing Christian Social Services To The College Community. Group Discussions, Eucharistic Ministering, And Informal Counseling Are Just A Few Of Their Many Activities.

Athletic Association

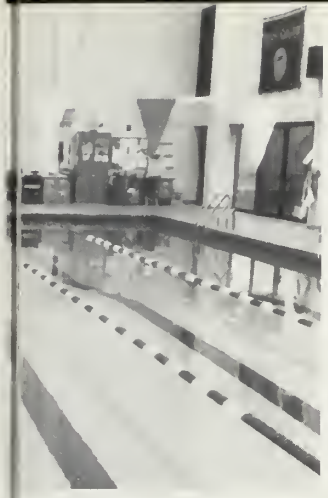
For Those Students Who Are Sports-Orientated, The Athletic Association Offers A Varied Program Of Intramural Activities Such As Volleyball, Basketball, And Mountain Climbing. Anyone Is Welcome To Join.

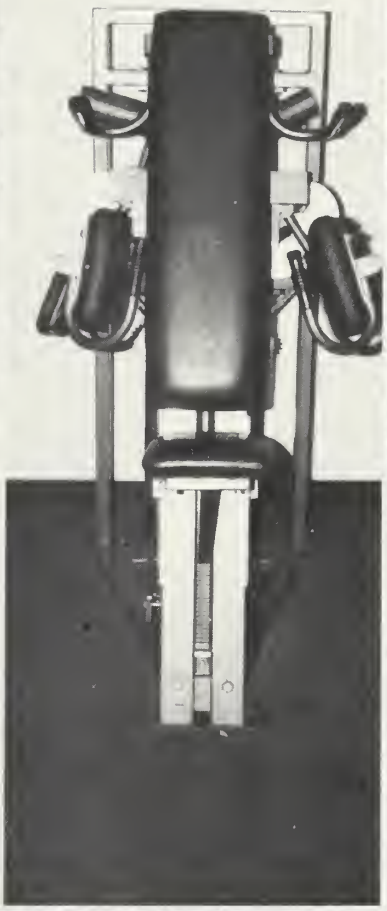
Student Government

At The Nucleus Of Many Campus Activities Lies The S.G.A. The S.G.A. Promotes And Sponsors Many Social And Academic Events, And It Maintains A Strong Correspondence With The Administration Concerning Student Life.

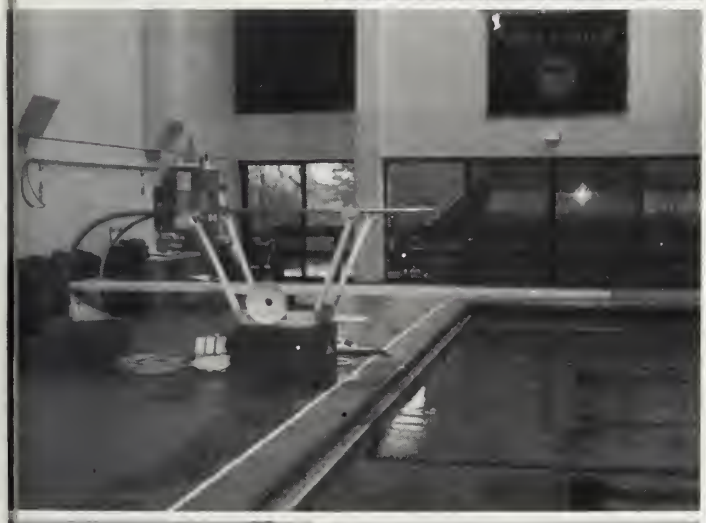
History Club

The History Club Is The Social Organization For Those People Who Are Interested In History. The Club Aims To Point Out The Relevance Of History And How An Understanding Of The Past Can Help Humankind To Deal With The Present World And Anticipate What Is To Come.





ATHLETICS

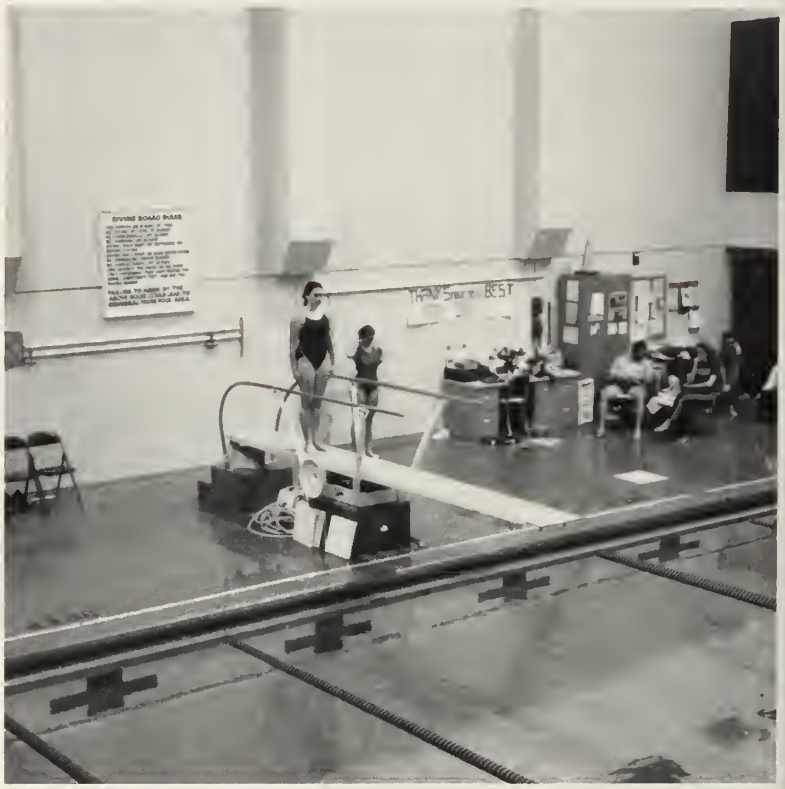


BASKETBALL

15
31

AEGIS

SWIMMING



Tennis Team

Swim Team

Cross Country Team

Basketball Team

Volleyball Team

SOME OF US

FACES

IN THE CROWD

Congratulations

To The Class

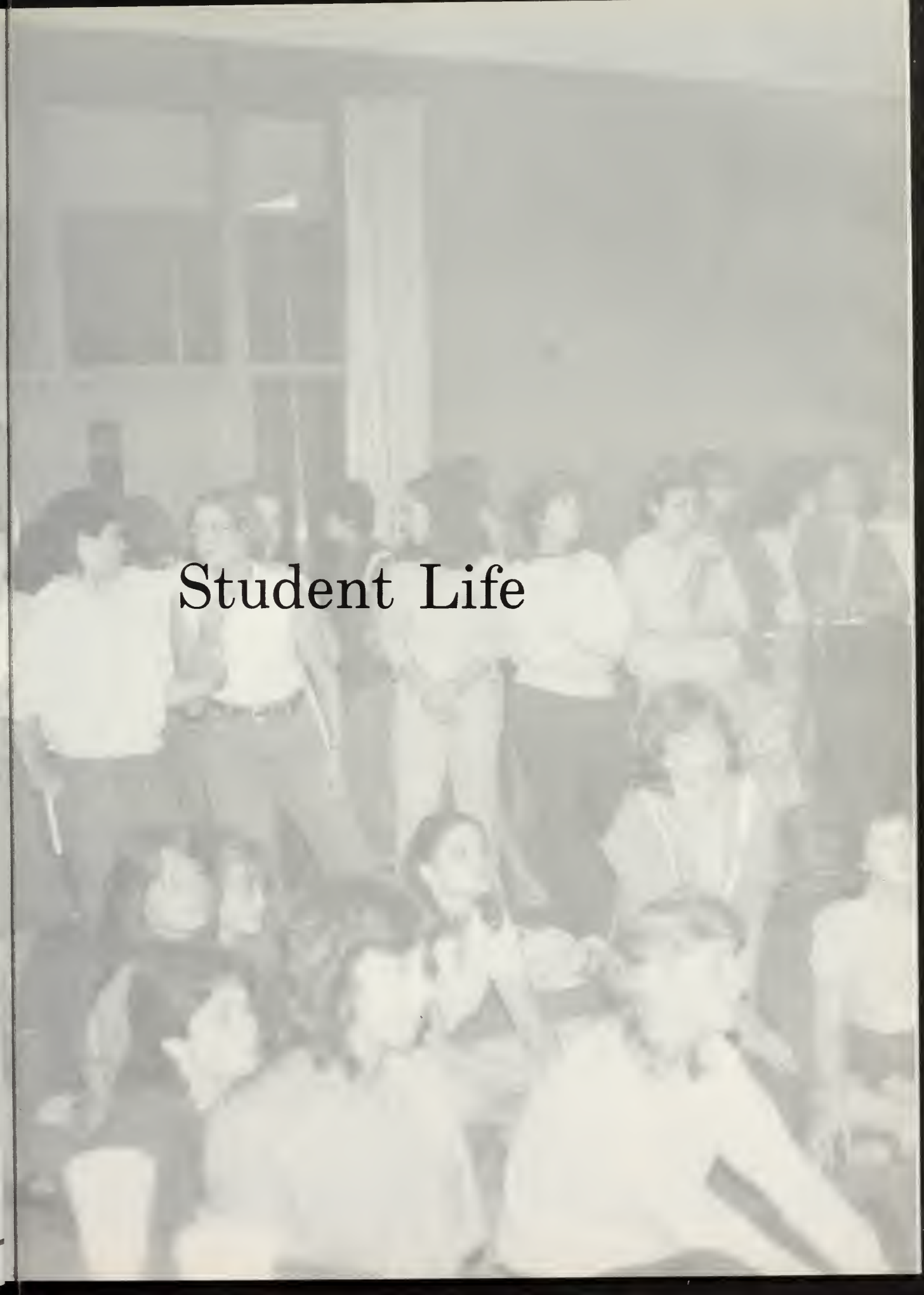
Of 1983

Helen E. Sullivan '54

Additional Donations

Mr. & Mrs. N. Azzara

Jane P. Connerton
Class Of 1974



Student Life

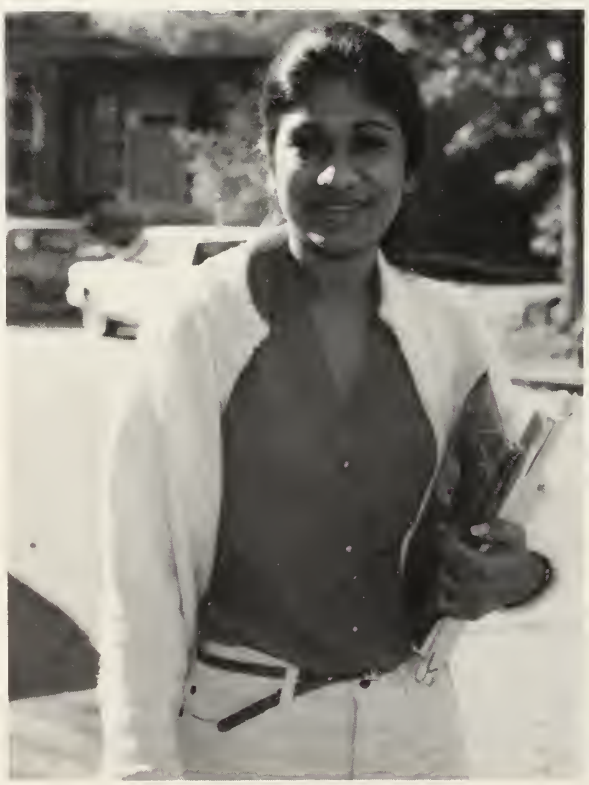
Junior Champagne Reception

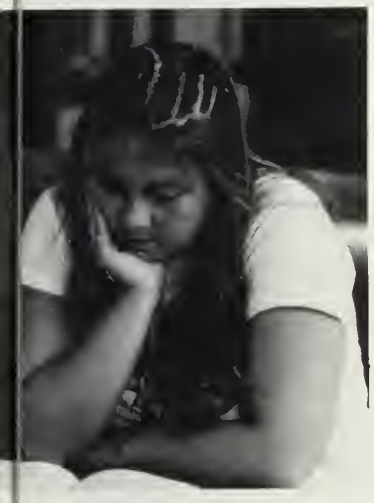
GOOD MORNING . . .

LUNCH AT CAFE REGIE . . .

PENNSYLVANIA

IT'S OFF TO CLASS . . .





Is It

Happy Hour

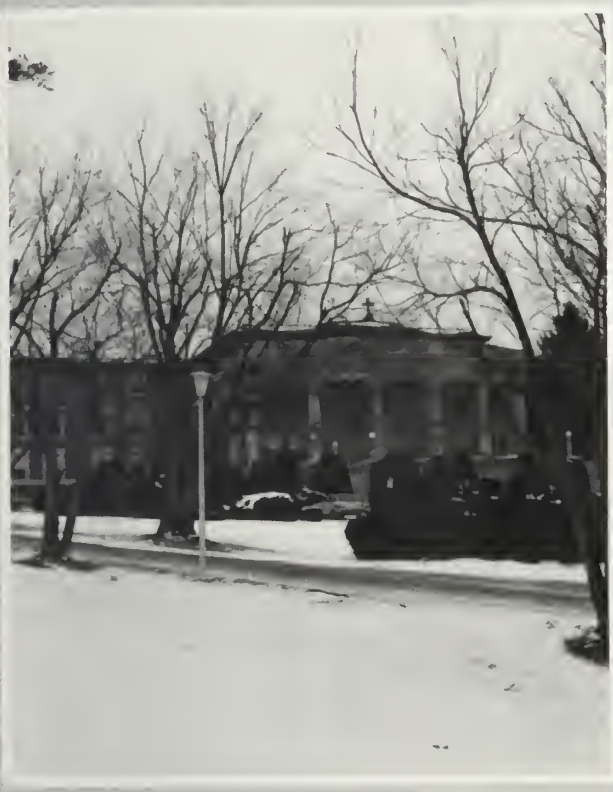
Yet?

Night Life At Regis

Coke is it!

FALL AT REGIS

WINTER AT REGIS



SPRING AT REGIS

"Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest.
Leave thy drink and thy whore
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score."

Shakespeare

So Long, Farewell, Auf Wiedersehen,
Good-Bye . . . . .

MEMOS

What made us friends in the long ago, when
we first met?
Well, I think I know - the best in me and the
best in you,
hailed each other because they knew
that always and always since life began,
our being friends was part of God's plan.

CONGRATULATIONS:

SARAH, THERESEANNE, COLLEEN,

GRETCHEN, NANCY AND MO!

LOVE:

BRUCE & BEV ATWOOD
FRANK & FRAN COLOSI
JACK & MARY GORMAN
BOB & THERESA HENNESSEY
GEORGE & HELEN MCKENNA
PETE & GINNY TRUDEL

DONATIONS

The Alarie Family

Mr. & Mrs. Colosi
Congratulations Class of 1983

Esther Dillon

Mr. & Mrs. Robert Digirolamo
Good Luck Class of 1983

Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence Donnelly

Mr. & Mrs. William D. Durgin

Mr. & Mrs. Donald Gilbert

Good Wishes to Seniors
Mary P. Hamilton

Lanpher Family

Rosemary McAuliffe

Mr. & Mrs. Leo Mogavero
Congratulations Class of 1983

Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Micelotti

Mr. & Mrs. Wilfred A Smith

Ann & William Shaughnessy

Mr. & Mrs. Erasmo Spinosa

Mr. & Mrs. Edward Stevens, Class of '83:
Nihil humani a me alienum puto

Mr. & Mrs. Taf

Mr. & Mrs. Taliento
Good Luck Class of 1983

BEYOND THE WINDOW . . .

. . . I see intangible abilities that are manifested in one's work and interactions with others, the capacity to grow, adapt, question, and evaluate, to make one's life as meaningful as possible by having a positive attitude in everything one does.

Carmel L. Sullivan

. . . the window is opening so that we might let the breezes catch and share our new growth, knowledge, understanding, and person - for we have changed and we have found that we had the power to open the window all along.

Maria Monks

. . . looking through that crystal, clear window and out into the foggy future is a scary vision.

Mariealana DiGirolamo

BEYOND THE DOOR . . . WHAT DO YOU SEE?

. . . there are doors which I have opened myself, there are others which have been opened for me . . . some walk out the door meekly, others open it wide and walk out boldly. Let us not be so falsely humble that we do not recognize our strength to go forth, to seek what is behind the doors.

Sandy Hassett

. . . I cannot see past the door right now; I see only myself, as I am reflected in the mirror, and what I have become while at Regis. I am happy with what I see. The reflection is comfortable and familiar.

Laura diTargiani

. . . the door is a series of sliding glass doors with no handles - just opening as a sign to leave and be on my own.

Chris Micelotti

. . . though my door is hinged in the present, with a handle on the past, it is solidly built of hope for the future.

Susan Reinstierna

. . . through the door I see the realizations of the special gifts that each woman at Regis possesses . . . through that door, looking beyond Regis - is the further flowering of our gifts discovered here. We are all special in some way.

Gretchen Hennessey

THE YEARBOOK STAFF

Co-Editors in Chief:	Gretchen & Mariealana
Lay Out Editor:	Laura Nannery
Senior Section Editor:	Candy Bryce Nancy McKenna
Literary Editor:	Nancy Santos Judy Emmert
Photography Editor:	Cathy Foley
Art Editor:	Colleen Gorman

Special Thanks to Colleen Gorman!

Congratulations

Seniors

Literati Club

Yearbook

Staff

Wishes

Seniors

Luck

Good Luck

Class Of 1983

The

American Chemical

Society

Good Luck

Mr. & Mrs.

McDermott

THANK YOU FOR HAVING DINNER AT

AKBAR

•

ENJOY OUR BUSINESSMEN'S LUNCH
OR CHOOSE FROM OUR MANY
A LA CARTE SPECIALTIES

•

OPEN FOR DINNER 7 DAY

Good Luck

Seniors

MR. & MRS. FOLEY

Untitled

we walked down the elm-lined hill
past the old white clapboard church
with the bright red door past the
grey three-decker where brutus the
mean dog lived past the little house
with the window boxes filled with
red and white flowers past the big
grey house crouching behind towering
black trees
down
down
down to the very bottom of the steep
hill
i stopped and pulled on Grampa's gloved
hand
He looked down at me from beneath the stylish
brim of his sam spade hat and acknowledged
my tug together we both turned around and
looked way way way up the hill mentally
marking the length of our journey
to me we had travelled miles away from our
home on the tippity top of the hill
we surveyed our hill with its neat houses
tucked in for the night beneath a layer
of mist that was just beginning to fall
"Gramps who lowers the mist so's the houses can sleep?" He laughed a deep
rumbling laugh and answered that the
mist was a curtain that God hooked up
to the points of two stars and lowered
at night
i marvelled at his knowledge of the
world as we continued our journey over
the railroad tracks and past the country
store where Grampa bought me red and black
licorice after sunday church service
at last
i let out a long sign
underneath the staring yellow eyes of a circle
of yellow lights lay a massive bulk of
motionless steel
immobile
lifeless it looked so different at night
in the morning its red yellow and green
cars caught the sunlight and took it for
a ride at night i could see how dull

the colors were how rusted and chipped
i stared down at the scuffed toes of my
buster browns as i pushed my toe into a pile
of sand and gravel "Grampa is the train dead?"
He laughed again and swung me into his powerful
arms the red tip of his cigarette glowed against
the black of the sky i pressed my head against
his shoulder breathing in the smell of freshly
starched collar and spicy aftershave
"No the train is not dead. It is only sleeping.
Sleeping so that it can make a very long journey
tomorrow." i felt so secure so comforted
we turned toward home i whispered into his
collar "sleep peacefully my little train"
I stare down at the polished sheen of my
high-heeled pumps.
Red and white flowers fill the night table,
forming a protective canopy over the pills
and medicines underneath. I force my eyes
from the floor, to the steel of the hospital
rail, to the biting plastic snakes, hanging
from steel rods.
A yellow nightlight glows behind his head.
His body is still.
motionless.
A large body is covered with miles of sheeting,
a mountain in winter.
His face is grey.
impassive.
Roads wind around his eyes eventually joining
up with highways that form a bridge across
his nose.
an ancient map.
A nurse snaps on another nightlight.
A circle of yellow glows around his head.
I lean my hand against the cold steel rail.
I close my eyes. I reach for my Grampa's
gloved hand, nuzzle my face into his high
starched collar, and smell the comforting aroma
of his aftershave.
He carries me home with him.
I whisper, "Sleep peacefully my little train."

by
Sherrill Murphy

Torn Portrait

It's another torn portrait
  sketched a face that disappeared
  sketched a dream I thought would save me
    now the portrait isn't there
All the time I spent to make it
  through some lonely days and nights
  lost my sight in total darkness
    but always saw you in the light
Had you captured in my mind
  put to paper, it lost so much
  existing in my eyes forever
    a portrait born of love so much
Another portrait I've hid away
  another pencil, its point has dulled
  artist's hand has gone so limp now
    could never create dreams anyhow
It's another torn portrait for me
  sketched a face that disappeared
  sketched a dream I thought might save me
    now the portrait isn't there.

by
Judy Emmert

UNTITLED

I sit here unable to concentrate
on anything but you.
For the brief time
we were together
everything seemed right.
I did not stop to think
what would happen
when you left.
How often we don't appreciate
things we have in our possession
until they're gone,
and then it's too late.
You can't bring back the past.
The future is now
and each passing minute.
But the past I had with you
will also be the future.

Sarah Hays

To My Pen

You lie there forever
in your tubular land
waiting for my hand
to race you cross the page
in stinted rage.
You jog, you dot, you cross my t's,
your blue ink squirting the page with ease.
Essays, exams, or a volume of poems,
all are indelible wherever you roam.
My truest companion,
a steadfast friend,
we've traveled together hand in hand.
You follow me always
then stop for a time as
I figure out my rhyme.
You are an appendage of my mind
or so I thought
till you wander and scribble
all order for naught.

Lisa Doherty

Reflecting

Those days,
When we were so close,
Seem long ago.
Our expectations for today,
Unfulfilled.
Promises made
Have not been kept.

The future,
Well planned then,
Will be different.
Our hopes, dreams,
And plans change so quickly.
Will our whole lives be this way?

Susan Marrone

A Dream

I climbed the moonbeam to
the sky.
The night was clear, the stars
were bright.
I swept the sky, filling my
arms with stars.
I showered them like snow on
the earth.
The man in the moon
smiled at me, wishing he
had arms to help.
I fell back to earth.
I awoke wondering
had anyone else dreamed
of moonbeams?

by
Laurie Cassidy

Untitled

Does it all ever come together?
I mean just once in your life
do you feel like you are at
peace with who you are?
A life's struggle coming
together in a contented wholeness -
an acceptance of one's limitations
and flaws as well as good qualities.
Do you ever learn to see beyond
yourself and allow yourself
to float freely in another's dreams?
Content that your life is okay
and will no longer be what
you had hoped for
but rather what you are.

by
Maria Taliento

To the Graduating Class of 1983 and
Our Big Sisters
Good Luck
&
Best Wishes
The Class of 1985

"In the school of life
many branches of knowledge
are taught. But the
only philosophy that amounts
to anything after all, is just
the secret of making
friends!

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE CLASS OF '83

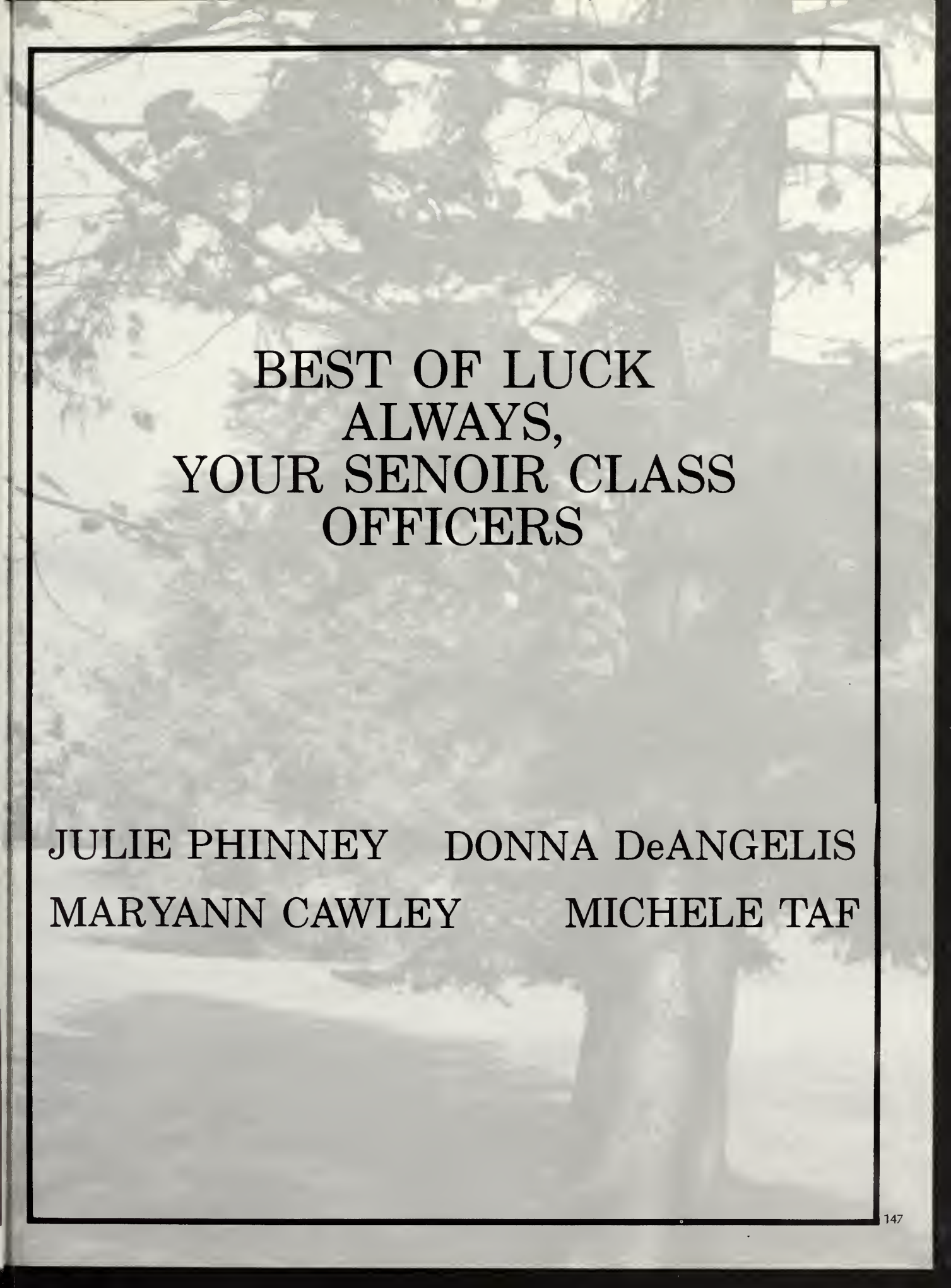
TOWER TAVERN

"A woman will get only what she seeks
You must choose your goals carefully,
Know what you like
and what you do not like.
Be critical about what you can do well
and what you cannot do well
Choose a career or lifestyle that
interests you.
Work hard to make it a success.
Enter a relationship that is worthy of
everything you are physically and
mentally capable of.
Be honest with people, help them if you can
but don't depend on anyone to make life easy
or happy for you.
Only you can do that, be yourself
Strive to achieve all that you like
Find happiness in everything you do
Love with your entire being
Make a triumph
of every aspect
of your life."

Susan Polis Schultz

Good Luck and Much Happiness

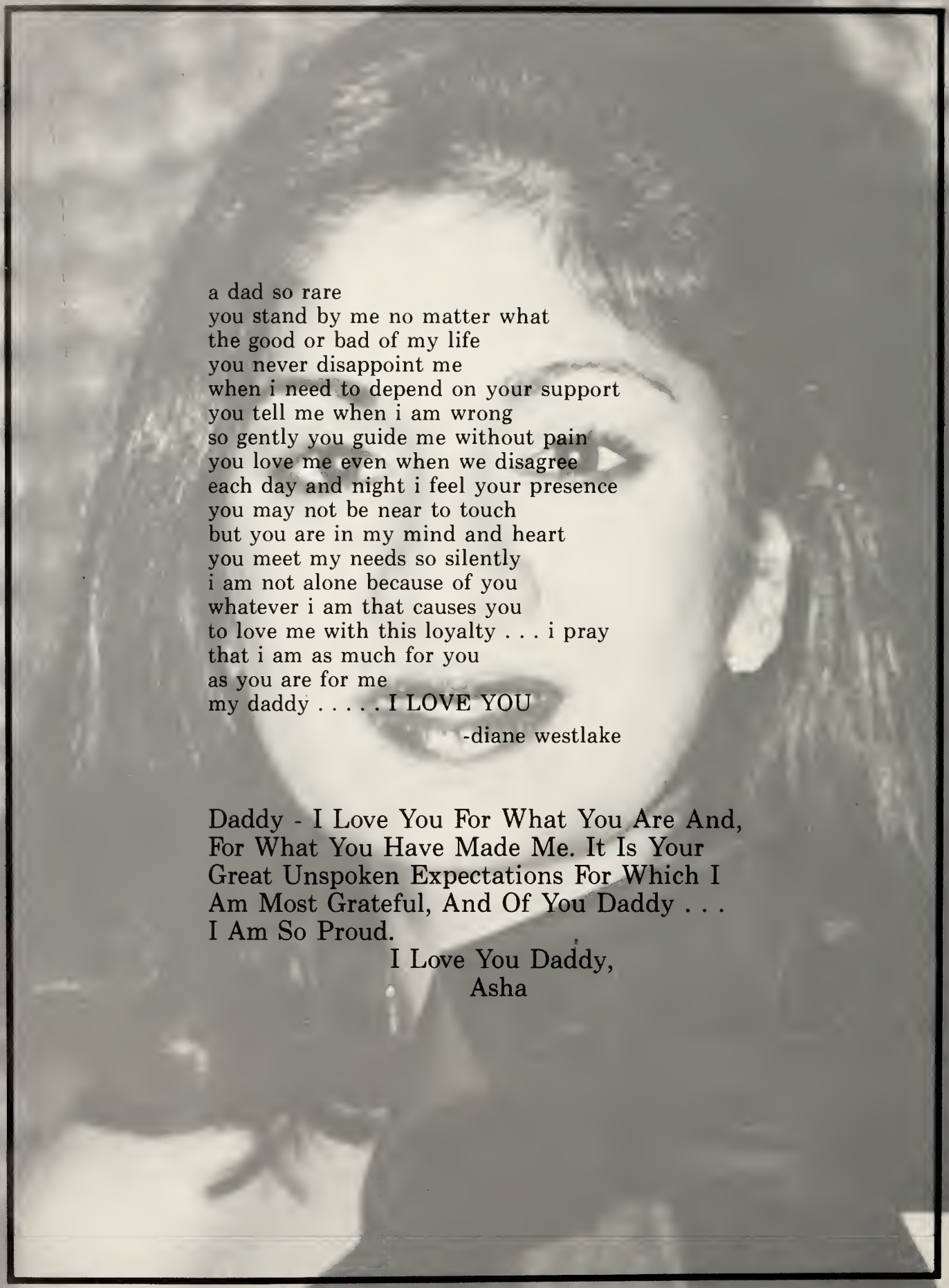
Student Government



BEST OF LUCK
ALWAYS,
YOUR SENOIR CLASS
OFFICERS

JULIE PHINNEY DONNA DeANGELIS

MARYANN CAWLEY MICHELE TAF



a dad so rare
you stand by me no matter what
the good or bad of my life
you never disappoint me
when i need to depend on your support
you tell me when i am wrong
so gently you guide me without pain
you love me even when we disagree
each day and night i feel your presence
you may not be near to touch
but you are in my mind and heart
you meet my needs so silently
i am not alone because of you
whatever i am that causes you
to love me with this loyalty . . . i pray
that i am as much for you
as you are for me
my daddy . . . . . I LOVE YOU

-diane westlake

Daddy - I Love You For What You Are And, For What You Have Made Me. It Is Your Great Unspoken Expectations For Which I Am Most Grateful, And Of You Daddy . . . I Am So Proud.

I Love You Daddy,
Asha

Congratulations

Seniors Of 1983

Saga Food Service

Good Luck

Much Happiness

Class Of 1983

Fondly Class Of '84

GOOD FOR YOU SUE CORVES!

Love Mom and Dad

GOOD LUCK CANDY!
LOVE:
MOM, DAD, SHARON, PAUL, SANDIE, PAUL AND KIDS

GOOD LUCK to the CLASS OF "83"!

From

Second Floor Domitilia

Donna
Kathy
Rose
Maryann
Brenda
Maureen

Maria
Joan
Maria
Jen
Cathy
Carolyn

Moira
Alicia
Mary Ellen
Christine
Diane
Gail

GOOD LUCK!

THIRD FLOOR DOMITILIA

STEPHANIE
BUFF
LINDA
MARIA
PEGGY
MARIEALANA

PATTI
LAURA
DEIDRE
MARY RYAN
MARY CRIMMINS
LORRAINE

LORA
JUDY
SAL-J
ROBERTA
GALE
DANIELLE

HEATHER DENISE

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Nancy Santos
Photography Editor: Cathy Foley
Senior Section Editors: Candy Bryce
Nancy McKenna

Thanks for all your help:

Maria Taliento
Colleen Gorman
Carol Brescia
Laurie Cassidy
Patti Hanson
Laura diTargiani
Linda Moroni
Patti Robinson
Maureen Trudel
Maryann Cawley
Stephanie Iarrobino
Laurel Crommett
Peg Keegan

And to all others who have given time and energy to make this yearbook very special!

Mariealana & Gretchen

Aerial by
Chamberlain Studios

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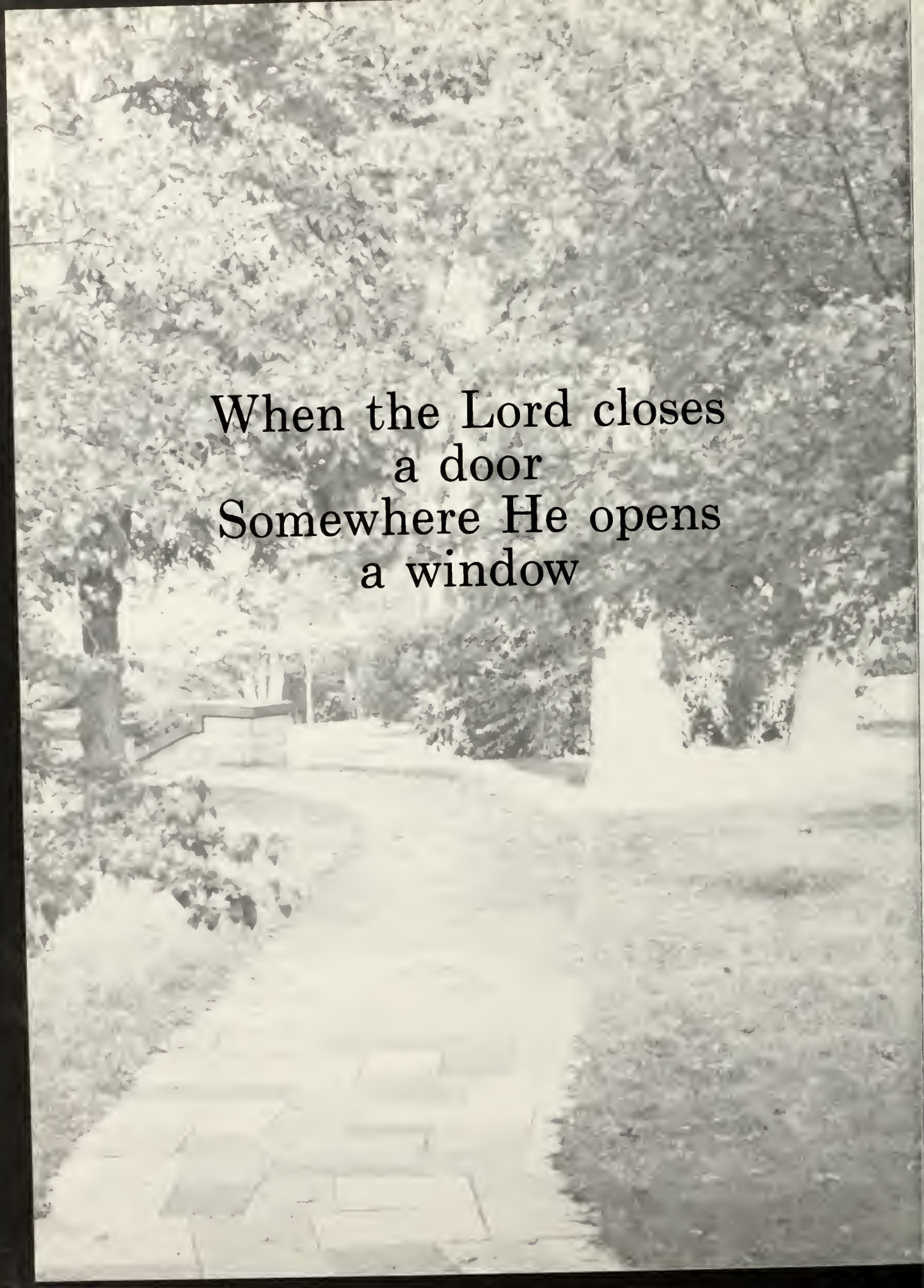
When the Lord closes
a door
Somewhere He opens
a window